

# PORTLAND INQUIRER.

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## The Blind Boy.

The editor, from whose selection we take  
the following lines, has beautifully said that,  
for himself, he could not see to read them  
thoroughly:

It was a blessed summer's day;  
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And everything in nature smiled.  
In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,  
Till, suddenly, I came to an  
Two children who had thither strayed.  
Just at an aged tree's foot  
A little boy and girl sat hid;  
His hand in hers she gently put--  
And then I saw the boy was blind.  
A child knew not I was near--  
A tree-concealed man from their view--  
But still they said I could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.  
"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little blind thing very long;  
So you see him in his day;  
And he is pretty as his song?"  
"Yes, Edward," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree;  
The poor boy is blind and dumb;  
Sister, I wish I could see!"  
"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there;  
How beautiful for one who sees!"  
"Yet I feel the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaves shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sightless, I am not given,  
But still he does me things in kind  
Among the children up in heaven?"  
"No, dearest Edward, there all see;  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"O Mary, he's no good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God!"  
"Yes, long since his hand had laid  
On that dear boy so weak and mild;  
His widowed mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.  
He fit her warm tears on her face,  
And said, 'Oh, never weep for me;  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where, Mary says, I God shall see."  
"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;  
But neither dear, when you come there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you  
You know I never saw you here!"  
He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,  
Until the final blow was given;  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes--in heaven.

## ANTIMONIAL WINE:

or Taking Toll.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little  
village of Q., which was situated a few  
miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to  
visit the latter place every week or two, in or-  
der to purchase such articles as were need-  
ed from time to time in his business. One  
day, he drove off towards Lancaster, in his  
wagon, in which, among other things, was a  
gallon demijohn. On reaching the town, he  
called first at the grocers with the inquiry--  
"Have you any common wine?"  
"How common?" asked the grocer.  
"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for  
antimonial wine."

"Yes, I have some just fit for that, and  
not much else, which I will sell for a dollar."  
"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr.  
Smith.

The demijohn was brought from the wagon  
and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove  
off to attend to other business. Among the  
things to be done on that day, was to see a  
man who lived half a mile from Lancaster.  
Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith  
stopped at the house of his particular friend,  
Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be  
in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman,  
and she chatted with her for ten minutes, or  
so. As he stepped into the wagon, he struck  
contact with the smelling organ of Mr.  
Jones--

"I wish you would take care of this until  
I come back."  
"O! certainly," replied Mrs. Jones "with  
the greatest pleasure."  
And so the demijohn was left in the lady's  
care.

Some time afterwards Mr. Jones came in,  
and among the first things that attracted his  
attention, was the strange demijohn.  
"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.  
"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q.?"  
"Yes."  
"I wonder what he has here?" said Mr.  
Jones, taking hold of the demijohn. "It feels  
heavy." The cork was hesitatingly removed,  
and the mouth of the vessel brought in  
contact with the smelling organ of Mr.  
Jones.

"Wine as live!" fell from his lips--  
"Bring me a glass."  
"O! no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch  
his wine," said Mrs. Jones.  
"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm  
going to let a gallon of wine pass my way  
without exacting toll? No--no! Bring me  
a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced,  
and nearly filled with the excreta  
stuff--as guttles of grape juice as a dyer's  
vat--which was poured down the throat of  
Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine, that, only a little rough,"  
said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones  
warmly, "for you to do so."  
"I only took toll," said the husband, laugh-  
ing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied  
Mrs. Jones.  
Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed  
most of his business for that day, stopped at  
a store where he wished two or three articles  
put up. While there he was in preparation he  
said to the keeper of the store--

"I wish you would let your lad Tom stop  
over for me to Mr. Jones. I left a demijohn  
of common wine there, which I thought  
for the purpose of making it into antimonial  
wine."

"O! certainly," replied the store keeper,  
"Here Tom!" and he called for his boy.  
Tom came, and the store-keeper said to  
him--

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of  
antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there.  
Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, and away he  
ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a  
pint of wine, he thought his stomach had  
rather a curious sensation, which is not much  
to be wondered at, considering the stuff with  
which he had burdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he,  
turning from the window at which he had  
seated himself, and taking up the demijohn  
again. The cork was removed, and his nose  
applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine, but I'll vow it's not much  
to brag of," and the cork was once more  
replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs.  
Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad  
appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the  
jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine?" exclaimed Mr. Jones,  
his lip quivering, and a paleness instantly  
overspread his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Antimonial wine?" fell again, but huskily,  
from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send  
for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How  
sick I feel!" Send for the doctor, or I'll be a  
dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine!" Dreadful! exclaimed  
Mrs. Jones, now pale and frightened as  
her husband. "Do you feel sick?"

"O! yes, as sick as death!" And the  
appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied  
his words. "Send for the doctor instantly,  
or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one direction and  
then in another, and finally, after telling the  
boy to run for the doctor, called Jane, her  
single domestic, and started her on the same  
errand.

Off spring Jane at a speed outstripping  
that of John Gilpin. Fortunately, the doctor  
was in his office, and he came with all the  
rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his  
profession would permit, armed with a stetho-  
scope pump and a dozen antidotes.

On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the  
sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and  
retching terribly.

"O! doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with  
me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? What have you  
taken?" inquired the doctor eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly a pint of anti-  
monial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said  
the doctor; and down the sick man's throat  
went one end of a long, flexible, india rubber  
tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the  
doctor's hand at the other end. The result  
was very palpable. About a pint of reddish  
fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up,  
after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There," said the doctor, "I guess that  
will do. Now let me give you an antidote."  
And a nauseous dose of something or other  
was mixed up and poured down, to take the  
place of what has just been removed.

"Do you feel any better now?" inquired  
the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the  
sick man, and scanning, with a professional  
eye, his pale face, that was covered with a  
clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you  
think all danger is past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have  
given you will neutralize the effect of the  
drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient.  
"I am sure I could not bear my own weight.  
What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the doctor.  
"Compose yourself. There is no danger to be  
apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street,  
and the hurried movements of the doctor,  
did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry  
followed, and it soon became noised about  
that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith was just stepping into his wagon,  
when a man came up and said to him--  
"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"  
"Mr. Jones has taken poison?"

"What?"  
"Poison?"  
"What?"  
"Yes, and they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And with-  
out waiting for further information, Mr.  
Smith spoke to his horse and rode off at a  
gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs.  
Jones met him at the door, looking very anx-  
ious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, in a  
serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor  
has taken it all out of his stomach. Will  
you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where  
lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet.  
The doctor was still by his side.

"Ah! my friend," said the sick man, in a  
feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand,  
"that antimonial wine of yours has nearly  
been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr.  
Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left here in the gallon  
demijohn."

"That wasn't antimonial wine?"

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both  
Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had  
bought for the purpose of making antimonial  
wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No."

"Then, the boy said it was."

"I didn't know any thing about it.  
It was nothing but some common wine  
which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath.

The doctor arose from the bedside, and Mr. Jones  
exclaimed,

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one  
looked at the other doubtfully.

"Good-day," said the doctor, and went  
down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it  
seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the  
man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones,  
but into whose hands fell the color was  
beginning to come, and through whose  
most paralyzed nerves was again flowing  
from the brain a healthy influence. "But  
don't say any thing about it! Don't for the  
world!"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr.  
Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent,  
so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Give  
me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now, good-bye; the sun  
is nearly down, and it will be night before I  
get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and  
Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but  
in vain, to leave the house in a grave and  
dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones  
had made up his mind to join the retailers,  
the story of his taking toll was all over the  
town, and for the next two or three months  
he had his own time of it. After that, it  
became an old story.

## Extradition of Fugitive Slaves.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

Revised from the National Anti-Slavery Standard

[CONTINUED.]

Again, although for the sake of euphony  
and beauty of style in literature, a large dis-  
cretion is allowed and exercised by the courts  
in the use of synonymy, yet such  
importance is attached to the interpretation  
of laws that jurisprudence for the sake of  
precision is willing to load itself with almost  
ridiculous tautology. The same term with  
the definite "and" recurs at every clause  
and confronts us at every period. If it has  
no pretensions to rhetorical elegance, it has  
at least to unmistakable explicitness. Now  
Slavery is not so new a fact in the world's  
history as not to have found for itself all the  
possible and invariable expressions. Slave is  
the word that in legal English expresses the  
condition of being enslaved. It is the com-  
mercial, the legal, the political, the popular  
term to designate a slave. There is no other  
term that does express the condition of slav-  
ery with any thing like accuracy. It is the  
word used in history, in political discussions,  
in laws and judgments of courts to express  
the well known thing for which it stands.

It is slavery that the masters wish to keep  
under the Constitution, they wish to keep their  
security under the Constitution, they wish to  
find the word slave itself in the Constitution  
and not my phrases that need not and cannot  
innocently, and therefore cannot legally be  
applied to a slave. "Person held to service or  
labor" was not the contemporaneous, nor  
subsequent legal, political, or even popular  
designation of a slave. What then is the  
obligation resting, if you will, upon the sov-  
ereign state, in dealing at all events upon  
the consequence of every man that exercises  
his functions of citizenship, so far as the  
clause under discussion is concerned? It is  
to deliver up persons held to service or labor.  
Legal tradition has to this day applied this  
phrase to the condition of the southern slaves.

The terms of the Constitution itself and not  
the false tradition defines our obligation.

There have ever prevailed in this country  
two consistent theories of slavery. The one  
that slavery itself is a crime, the other that  
slavery is a normal relation of society,  
and that slaves are lawful servants. The lat-  
ter theory is that of Mr. Calhoun and the  
slavery propagandists, and for the most part  
of the leading American politicians of both  
parties, perhaps also of a large majority of  
the American people. The former is the  
theory of the abolitionists. These two philo-  
sophies modify the religious and political  
creeds of the nation. Neither school of  
thought believes that a religion can continue  
to be a religion while it upholds a sin, or that  
a law or a constitution can continue to be a  
law or a constitution while it enacts a crime.

The pro-slavery man arrogates to himself the  
title of a good Christian and good citizen,  
because he says that Christianity preaches  
obedience to servants, and the Constitution  
provides that servants shall be redemptive to  
servitude. So far his position is reasonable,  
but when he goes on to say that the Bible  
teaches a doctrine of universal redemption  
from slavery, and that the Constitution guar-  
antees the rights of servants, he is in the  
position of a man who says that the Bible  
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but when he goes on to say that the Bible  
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gration or importation of certain persons;  
and, third, that which confers upon Congress  
the power to call out the militia to suppress  
insurrection. These articles must be con-  
sidered to prepare the way for a few argu-  
ments of a positive character with regard to  
the general relation of Slavery to the Con-  
stitution.

While the fact of Slavery exists in this na-  
tion, the "other persons," three-fifths of whom  
are enumerated with the whole number of  
free persons to form the basis of representa-  
tion, refuses undoubtedly to the slave. It  
was evidently so intended; it was from the  
first so practically interpreted. The state of  
Slavery of this class is not, however, directly  
alluded to; it is in no way sanctioned, and  
no obstacle is interposed in the way of dis-  
senting from the numbers of this anomalous  
class or of dispensing with it entirely. The  
article is, in part, of the nature of a property  
qualification, in part a half recognition of  
the political rights of the slaves, and alto-  
gether a clumsy compromise between inco-  
herent political ideas, the first of the discrep-  
tant series.

Its practical inequality is an  
evil, which the free States suffer, not to be  
alleviated by the fact that the slave states  
which they do. My bad neighbor, who sells  
run, carries nineteen of his customers into  
town meeting, and votes down my measures  
of town reform, twenty to one. The pro-  
slavery politicians take the political field and  
buy up, with bribes of offices, all the able,  
ambitious men, and by their better disci-  
pline and greater outlay of material aid, carry  
fugitive slave laws and Texan annexations  
against the conscience and better judgment  
of the people. Shall I refrain from saying  
because the political system under which we  
live gives them power disproportionate to  
my own? They cannot consistently com-  
plain of the superior influence given to  
slaveholders in the councils of the nation,  
who refuse to exercise what political influ-  
ence they have.

As for the article regulating "the migra-  
tion or importation of such persons as any  
of the States then existing shall think proper  
to admit," whatever latent iniquity may have  
lurked in the language (for none is apparent,  
the terms being as applicable to German im-  
migrants as to African slaves) has been doing  
years since, urged by the limitation named  
in the article, and by the nation's repentance.  
It is *functus officio*, and has no application to  
the constitutional allegiance of the present  
generation.



Telaki at Posh, and so many others, Roalee, Robert, Eugene, Guillemont, Augustine, Peab, Blanche Cloutier, Prabel, Elizabeth Parle, Marie Reviel, Claudine Hibrit, Anne Sangle, the widow Combesore, Armatine Huet, and so many others still, sisters, mothers, daughters, wives, proscribed, exiled, transported, tortured, executed, crucified. Ah, wretched women! What objects of bitter tears and inexpressible griefs! Feeble, suffering, sick, torn from their families, their husbands, their parents, their supporters, sometimes old and enfeebled in years—all have been heroines—may have been heroes. Ah! my thoughts at this moment rush into that tomb and kiss the cold feet of the departed in her coffin.

It is not a woman whose name I remember in Louise Julien, it is woman, woman, of our days, woman worthy of being a citizen, woman as we see her before us in all her devotedness, all her sweetness, all her self-sacrifice, all her majesty. Friends, in future times, in the beautiful, and peaceful, and tender, and fraternal, social Republic of the future, the sphere of woman will be great, but what a glorious prelude to this sphere are such martyrdoms so heroically sustained. Men and citizens, we have more than once said in our pride,

"The eighteenth century has proclaimed the right of man; the nineteenth century will proclaim the right of woman!" but we must confess, citizens, we have not hastened; many grave considerations, which should be carefully examined, have arrested us; and at this moment, at the degree of progress at which we have arrived, among the best Republicans, among the purest and most genuine democrats, many excellent minds still hesitate to admit the equality of the human soul in man and woman, and the consequent assimilation, if not the complete identity of civil rights.

Let us say it frankly, citizens, so long as property continued, so long as the Republic stood up, women forgotten by us, forgot also themselves; they have been limited to shining as the light, to enkindling the mind, to softening the heart, to awakening enthusiasm, to pointing out to all, the good, the just, the noble, and the true. They have had no ambition beyond that. They who, for the moment, are the image of the living country, who should be the soul of the State, have simply been the soul of the family. In the hour of adversity they have said to us, "We do not know where we have a right to your power, to your liberty, to your greatness, but we do know that we have a right to share your misery. To participate in your sufferings, your defeats, your destitution, your distress, your sacrifices, your exiles, your abandonment if you are without asylum, your hunger if you are without bread—this is right of woman; and this is what we claim."

"Oh my brothers! these are the persons who follow us in the combat, who accompany us in proscription and who precede us to the gallows."

"Citizens! Since you have now wished that I should again speak in your name, since your commands have given to my voice the authority which would be wanting to an isolated utterance—on the tomb of Louise Julien, as three months since, on the tomb of Jean Bosquet, the last cry which I wish to put forth is the cry of courage, of insurrection, and of hope!"

"Yes, citizens, like that of the noble woman who lies here, indicate and predict the speedy fall of the executioners, the inevitable overthrow of despotism and despots." The crowd roared out after another shout, the tyrant digs their grave, but the day will come, citizens, when the grave shall suddenly draw in and swallow up the grave digger.

## Portland Inquirer.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1853.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,  
**JOHN P. HALE**  
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MR. HEZEKIAH DODGE,  
Of this city, is our authorized travelling Agent for the Inquirer.

### The Mass Convention of Three.

The memorable county convention, called in the purlieus name of the City committee, came off last week in pre-eminent order. Bld. Shaw, who was present to behold, informs us that there were just *Three* actors and *Three* spectators. The *Three* constituting the Mass Convention were JABEZ C. WOODMAN, THOS. H. TALBOT, EDWARD P. BANKS.

Mr. Banks was chosen chairman, and T. H. Talbot secretary. Mr. Woodman we suppose making the motions and doing the voting. The record does not show who performed the devotional service.

It was then duly and solemnly and unanimously resolved that "Messrs. Willey and Thurston" had perpetrated a "fraud on the party" by placing the name of John Webb on the ticket. They had no authority.

They then picked Messrs. Webb and Vinton overboard, so far as appears without benefit of clergy, and proceeded to supply their places on the ticket. Who the committee were, to receive, sort and count the ballots, we are not informed, but we understand there was some dispute between Messrs. Talbot and Woodman as to which should be nominated. Mr. Talbot however won—by how large a majority the scribe saith not. Mr. N. G. Sturges of Danville was also declared nominated for Senator, in the name of "the democratic convention" of Cumberland County.

But not stopping here, a standing county committee was chosen,—thus setting the regular organization wholly aside, and organizing a New Party permanently. Of course they are now entirely separate and distinct from the Free Democratic party of the county, and very properly omit to claim its name. The committee are,—T. H. Talbot, Joshua Waite, N. G. Sturges, Wm. Hobson, James Flint. How many of these will consent to stand in this embarrassing position we know not. We know some will not, and are totally opposed to the whole business.

After the more entertaining business was comfortably over, Mr. Woodman took the floor proposing to make a speech "if the audience would stop and hear him." But that high gratification they were compelled by other obligations to forego, and one of the last of the discourse informs us that he left Mr. W. standing silently upon the floor. We are told, however, though we cannot vouch for its correctness, that he afterwards left it, and that the "Democratic County Convention" of THREE retired in a becoming and orderly manner—all but one to the private walks of life. They wheredated twice and Resolved twice, but we large the committee on resolutions was we are not informed. But we learn that Mr. Woodman pointed some terrible ones at the editor of the Inquirer, which would certainly have "went off" had not the whole body rose en masse for our protection. We owe them our sincere thanks.

Well, this sham—this form abortion was gravely and ceremoniously published as the doings of a legitimate County Convention, and spread most industriously all over the county to impose upon and cheat the people. In this manner the party is told that it has not sense enough to make proper nominations—that there is a responsible body of Two who will very patronizingly kick unit candidates from the arena and step in themselves, on their own authority, and claim the votes of those simpletons who ought to have known what they were about without so much trouble. A man of susceptible nerves might blush a little in this coming before society, but heroism appears to have been equal to the occasion. Thus much for the doings of the "Democratic County Convention" of THREE.

### Without Authority.

We have a full settlement to make with Messrs. Woodman and Talbot as they appear in their *Sentinel*. We told the party it was not to be relied on, we asked their confidence in our statements—it has been given, and now the proof shall be offered showing that confidence to have been well placed. We have now room to notice only the charge of collusion and fraud in the nomination of Mr. Webb.

When it became certain that the temperance democrats would support Mr. Vinton for the Senate, Mr. Shaw, knowing Mr. Webb not to be a hunker, thought it the duty of the Free Democratic party to support him. For this purpose, solicited by no one either to decline or delay, as he himself affirms, he took his name from the ticket.

The chairman of the county committee immediately invited a meeting of the committee, but only two responded. Why they neglected their duty we are not informed. There was now no time to call a convention, nor were the committee authorized to fill vacancies. The chairman, therefore, in accordance with three of the committee, Gen. Fossenden, Mr. Stackpole and others, directed the name to be placed in the list, accompanied by a statement of the grounds on which it was done, leaving it entirely to the voters to do as they pleased. No "authority" was claimed, no committee convened to give it countenance, nor was a sham convention of *Three* drummed up to play a cheat on the people. All was fair, open and honorable. Mr. Webb was merely recommended, without a shadow of pretence to any thing more. Let the people judge who have acted without "authority."

The mean time some of the citizens thinking there was no law here, were among such barbers, were taking means to have the kidnappers arrested. Judge Collins, one of our most respected citizens, and several others, questioned them as to their names and authority, to which they replied "It was more like a lunatic than a reply." They were more, however, saw the sentiment of the community was among such men, and drove off before an officer could be found to arrest them. A telegraphic despatch to the constable in Hazleton caused their detention there; but he was over-awed by pompous United States officers, and they were allowed to go again. After a short detention, they were allowed to come out there again, waded

some distance up stream and got out above, and was found by some colored women flat on his face in a corn-field. The women carried him off to a place of safety, dressed his wounds, and at night he will be far on his way towards Canada.

The above is from an eye-witness of the case. "As the *Tribune* well remarks—"The case is enough to fill the strongest nerves with agony and horror. Here was a man—not even accused or suspected of any crime or vice, hunted and shot by ruffians whom he had just fed in unsuspecting confidence, chased into a river, and there fired at with ball after ball as coolly as if he had been a leopard or an alligator at bay—and all by virtue of what are claimed to be the Constitution and Laws of this free country? Who believes that a case of more atrocious, Satanic tyranny was ever witnessed in Russia or Dahomey?"

do elect your own Governor, and provide (Holmes) for all good temperance men.

One of the most amusing scenes the other night in the Convention was to see John N. Denning, who is a great wag, go over and shake hands with a noted Free soiler, and engage in a lively chat. Denning said he had been up to Saratoga Springs the other day and told them that the "Lion and the Lamb had lain down together" in Baltimore. Free-soilers and Slave-traders pulling together on the Temperance Platform! Well, funny things & sometimes take place in this Wooden County, that's a fact. W.

### Correspondence from Massachusetts.

MILFORD, Mass., Sept. 5, 1853.

Mr. Editor:—While lonesomely musing in the comfortable sitting room of Bliss Hotel this evening, the thought suddenly popped into my head, perhaps the readers of the Inquirer would feel some interest in the travels, adventures, feelings, hearings, musings &c.; of a fellow downeaster although hitherto a stranger. So without waiting to consider the pros and cons as to my ability or on behalf, I set me down to write, whether to their edifying or not "I leave to posterity to decide." It seems to be the manifest destiny of this "Universal Yankee Nation" jointly and severally to be moving, all are "just a going" or "gone," especially we "down easter." Westward ho! means something to us, it awakens feelings, hopes and aspirations in many of our breasts of sufficient strength to take us far away from all we hold dear. This may explain why the writer was "all aboard" the cars of the Old Colony Rail Road from Abington to Boston this morning.

The scenery on this road is interesting mainly from association. The soil requires the husbandman to work hard for poor pay. Many of the people are engaged in the Boot and Shoe manufacture in Abington—the majority. This is a very enterprising and flourishing town. In all directions new buildings are going up, most of them neat comfortable cottages for workmen. The citizens have purchased a lot of land containing about 40 acres, pleasantly diversified by hills, dales, ponds, trees &c., for a Cemetery, which they are laying out very tastefully. This is as it should be. The old graveyards, with fences half tumbled down, monuments standing at an angle of forty five degrees or broken off, and briars and bushes and weeds overgrowing the whole, have disgraced New England landscapes long enough. Let the resting places of those we love be pleasant, beautiful retreats, then in the holy hour of twilight let us steal away from the cares of the day and by their lowly beds review the past and seek strength for the future.

At Quincy every friend of freedom will seek out the old homestead of the Adams family. This is a plain substantial two story farm house with nothing about it to show that its possessor ever was more than some "good old farmer." And who will say that in the eye of the alseer any honest plough-fogger does not rank as high as even J. Q. Adams. "Where much is given much is required."

The route of the Boston & Worcester Rail Road through Brighton, Newton, Needham and Natick to Framingham, twenty one miles, is through a beautiful and highly cultivated country. A great many pleasant cottages of all styles of architecture are seen embowered among trees and flowers. This in a great measure is owing to the accommodating policy of the Boston & Worcester Rail Road—enabling many of the business men of Boston to have their homes in the cool quiet of the country instead of the hot staid city. The Milford Branch Rail Road from Framingham to Milford passes through rather a lonesome route—the land is low and uncultivated.

Milford is a very flourishing Boot manufacturing town of some six or seven thousand inhabitants, and seems bound to go ahead. The population have trebled within six years and the business has increased even more than that. There are now more than fifty manufacturers, some "getting up" as many as two hundred cases of Boots per week. The village is quite pleasantly located and laid out, but gives many evidences of being unfinished. If the number of churches is any criterion, they are a go-to-meeting people, although uniformity of belief certainly cannot be laid to their charge, almost every sect being represented by a church. The foundations are laying for a very large hotel, owned by a company and several large manufacturing establishments are being built. "The Hope Dale Community" is located about 14 miles from this village and perhaps your humble servant may tell you how they look, talk and act, should the weather permit him to visit them to-morrow.

Yours Truly, S. K.

We are obliged to our kind friend for his favor.—Ed.

"Old Point."

On the 24th day of August, 1724, Captains Harmon and Moulton with about 200 men destroyed the Indian Village at "old point." Neither history or tradition informs us when the Indian warrior first built his council fire in this valley. It appears that the French sent missionaries there in 1810 and the celebrated Jesuit Priest, Sebastian Ralle came to this village in 1693. This place possessed great advantages for an Indian village, being on the great trail from the sea-shore to Canada by the Kennebec, the fine fishing ground in the vicinity and extensive intervals surrounded by romantic scenery must have early attracted the attention of these sons of the forest as they journeyed through the wilderness. The planting of this village has been lost in the twilight of years, but the early settlers of New England found "Old Point" the home of a powerful tribe of Abenakis Indians. This tribe were exceedingly annoying to the infant settlements on the lower Kennebec and they occasionally extended their predatory attacks to the villages, in New Hampshire. The treaty of Utrecht in 1714 restrained the war spirit of this people a few years, but neither the smoke of the calumet or the belt of wampum could allay the spirit of revenge which King Philip's war had kindled.

An unprovoked attack on the village at Brunswick determined the Government of Massachusetts to declare war against them, 203 men were raised in Scarborough, and the adjacent towns and sent by vessels to Port Richmond and there in batteaux to the mouth of the Seabastick river. They left their boats in charge of a guard and proceeded by the left bank of the river through on unbroken wilderness in direction of Old Point. On the way they met the squaw and daughters of Bombazine the chief of the tribe. They immediately fired on them, killed the daughter, a girl about 18

years old, and took the squaw prisoner who became their guide on condition of personal safety. She conducted them to the village and described its localities. The plan of attack was soon formed. Captain Moulton was ordered to make a circuit of the village and come down by the north chapel which stood near the present residence of Mr. Moore, and through the cornfield to the church and village, where the monument now stands. Captain Harmon was to advance by the south Chapel, near the residence of Mr. Wood to the Church and village before mentioned, while a small party was to scuttle the canoes to prevent Indians from crossing the river to the village on the other side. The stillness of Sabbath morning was yet unbroken in the Indian village. The aged priest was performing his last religious service before entering the Spirit world. The judicious arrangements of Captain Harmon having been fully matured, a simultaneous and spirited attack was made on the Church and village.—The crash of fire arms summoned the women from the Church and wigwag, but disconcerted and panic-stricken, their resistance was feeble and unavailing. The orders were to take Ralle prisoner, but orders of mercy are rarely executed in the excitement of battle. The killed and wounded amounted to about 80. The little army having finished the work of destruction, even to the standing corn, left the ground in triumph without the loss of a man. The heart-stricken Indians returned to the ground of their defeat to perform the last sad office to those who had fallen. They found the body of their missionary among the killed, and after washing it with care, they buried it deep under the altar of the Church, where the monument now stands. Their Chiefs, Bombazine, Job and Caroboset, with some other chiefs, were among the slain. After burying the dead and erecting a rude cross to mark the spot where their beloved missionary lay, they bid adieu to the home of their childhood. War had blotted out their name as a tribe. Their missionary with many of their Chiefs were no more. Their beautiful village, where so many fond recollections were garnered up, was in ruins and they left the scene of fond recollections to mingle their destiny with distant tribes.

### Kissing the Pope's Toe!

Ex-Senator Dix, of New York, had the promise of being Secretary of State, but the slaveholders told Pierce to stop. He was permitted, however, to sit on a sub-treasury box in New York till some chance occurred to do better. The President has kept open the mission to France for him, if his overseers would consent; but they were inexorable, because they feared he had an impulse of freedom in him.—At last Dix is on his knees—no—horizontal in the ditch. Miserable, fallen victim—three years ago pledged to the cause of freedom! If any thing should rouse the people against that tyrant Power such facts should do it. The telegraph from Washington says:

"Gen. Dix's letter to Dr. Garvin, of Augusta, Ga., comes square up to the Baltimore Platform, Fugitive Slave Law and all. It is published in *The Augusta Constitutionalist*."

No men ever worked more assiduously than Messrs. Woodman and Talbot did to defeat Mr. Vinton, but evidently in vain. Our colored friends in this city were most vigorously plied. The story was going among them that he could be bought up any time for a "glass of grog" that he was a "traitor"—a "scoundrel"—"was off last year lecturing on temperance, and did not that prove he had quit the cause of freedom?" And Mr. Peck had said, "Vote for temperance and let the niggers go to grass." In this way many of their votes and a few others were diverted in this city.

### Free Democracy at Kennebec Port.

To the editor of the Portland Inquirer.

DEAR SIR:—Taking it for granted that you are in favor of all and every movement that tends towards reform and the advancement of free democracy, we take the liberty to send you the doings of our first free democratic meeting in this town. We are aware that we are far behind the times in the cause of freedom, and of plain required duty in "Opening our mouths for the dumb, and pleading the cause of the poor or needy," but we ask that our sin of omission may be forgiven, and we enabled to do better for future. We as a party in this town have for this day nailed the Banner of freedom to our mast head, and are determined by the assistance of Him in whose cause we are engaged never to give up until the enemy is conquered, or we are honorably discharged from the contest.

Respectfully yours,  
N. NASON.

Sept. 8th, 1853. The free democrats of Kennebec Port met agreeably to a request of a few individuals. The meeting was called to order, and after some appropriate and spirited remarks and suggestions, it was voted,

That the party organized as the Kennebec Port Free Democratic Party. Dea. John Worth was chosen President, N. Nason, Secretary, and Rev. Timothy Walcott, Treasurer.

Voted, That Charles Day, Seth Storer, Leonard Miller, Perkins Smith, and N. Nason be chosen as an executive committee.

A nominating committee was then chosen and Seth Storer was nominated as a candidate for town Representative to our next Legislature.

Voted, That the editor of the Portland Inquirer be requested to publish the doings of this meeting.

N. NASON, Sec.

### Give the Banner to New Sharon!

NEW SHARON, Sept. 12, 1853.

BRO. WILLEY:—The vote of this town to-day was as follows, viz:

For Governor.

Ezekiel Holmes, 138.  
Wm. G. Crosby, 116.  
Pillsbury, 123.  
Anson P. Morrill, 11.

For Senators.

Alvah Carrier, (Free dem. and nominated by Whigs), 250.  
John L. Cutter, (dem) 131.

County Attorney.

Oliver L. Carrier, (Maine Law whig), 297.  
Gray, (Anti-M. L. d.) 60.  
County Commissioner.

John W. Dyer, (Dem), 220.  
Oliver Sewall, (Free Dem), 125.  
Jones, (Whig), 31.  
County Treasurer.

Joseph Dyer, Jr. (Free Dem), 134.  
Field, 134.  
Stoyel, 114.

Representatives.

Rev. Wentworth Hayden, (Me. Law & Free Dem), 200.  
Henry E. Dyer, (Anti Me. L. d.), 179.

Bro. Hayden was the regular Free Democratic candidate a fit representative of the old LIBERTY PARTY; one who will stand alone if need be in any emergency consequently he is a thoroughly Maine Law Man, and as such, was nobly sustained by a large number of of Temperance Whigs and a goodly number of Temperance Democrats.

For several years the Whig and Democratic parties have united, and thus prevented our success.

But this year, it being the turn of the Democrats they selected a candidate, who though possessing many noble and generous traits of character, had rendered him so very obnoxious to the Maine Law men by his determined opposition to the law that the Temperance men of all parties felt called to act in the only way which politicians of that stamp can understand.

Our vote for Dr. Holmes is twenty per cent larger than our usual party vote.

Yours for the right, Augustus P. Holt.

### "Discountenancing and Reprising"

The rowdies of New York, instigated and abetted by those who claim to be respectable, perpetrated an infamous outrage on Sunday evening, by breaking up an Anti-Slavery Meeting at the Metropolitan Hall. The Tribune says: "The Union was saved over again last night by a gang of patriots and respectable disreputable rowdies who visited the Anti-Slavery meeting at Metropolitan Hall, for the sake of disturbance, and finally succeeded in breaking up the meeting."

Hallowell & Kennebec Rights.  
HALLOWELL, Sept. 12, 1853.

Bro. Inquirer:—Below you have the vote of Hallowell for Governor:

For Crosby, 164.  
" Pillsbury, 124.  
" Holmes, 49.  
" Marrell, 47.  
Scattering 1.

About half of the votes for Pillsbury were thrown by Whigs.

Vote of Kennebec for Governor:

For Crosby, 71.  
" Pillsbury, 17.  
" Holmes, 43.  
" Morrill, 5.

Vote of Hallowell for Representative:

For H. K. Baker, 192.  
" G. W. Perkins, Jr., 149.  
" A. Masters, 21.

Vote of Kennebec:

For H. K. Baker, 80.  
" G. W. Perkins, Jr., 38.  
" A. Masters, 7.

By a concerted movement, the Pillsbury and anti-Maine Law whigs, aided by a number of democrats and a few Free Soilers of the same stamp, obtained a majority in the regular Whig Caucus, and nominated Mr. Perkins. The result was, that the Temperance whigs, democrats and Free Soilers laid aside all party distinctions, and nobly united to sustain the Maine Law, and by so doing elected their candidate by 85 plurality, and 67 majority over all!

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Where is the Art Journal? It has not been received the last three months.

The first No. of Putnam's Monthly, for the current volume, was received, and also the first No. of the "Industry of All Nations," but no more. Send along gentlemen, if you please.

THE MINEING JOURNAL for September is at hand. It is most valuable No. and one article in it, "The Analysis of soils" is of very general interest, worth to any farmer, not to say miner—many times the subscription, which is \$5. per year. Address "Mining Magazine, New York." The first No. we did not receive. Please forward.

THE LADIES' WEALTH & Parlor Annual, which embraces what was once the Wealth Annual, is at hand, published by Burdick, Reed & Roberts, New York, at \$1.00. The N. is rather too much filled with stories, but generally it is a very readable and interesting magazine.

### DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Election.—The Result.

The vote of the State will be right—in this city only about two-thirds.

No Governor is elected.

Appearances are that the Maine Law is safe. Two Free Democrats are doubtless elected to the Senate, perhaps more, in Cumberland.

Four Free Democratic members are chosen to the House as at present advised, (Tuesday). Many more are no doubt elected.

By a Saco Democrat Extra, kindly sent to us, we learn that York County has chosen 12 democrats and 4 whigs—2 gain.

Albert Pillsbury and his party are smashed—routed—demolished. The Party of the Demijohn is—nowhere, and the State is saved.

The Free Democratic vote for Governor is good, but not quite up to reasonable expectation.

We add such returns as have reached us, hoping for full lists next week.

Votes for Governor.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

	Scot.	Pillsbury.	Hale.	Crosby.	Holmes.	Month.
Andover	154	233	81	000	000	000
Baldwin	209	109	12	000	000	000
Bridgton	12	108	26	000	000	000
Brunswick	341	351	62	249	69	26
Cape Elizabeth	46	265	23	67	154	111
Casco	09	68	32	76	61	88
Charleston	32	95	19	54	101	31
Danville	101	143	16	000	000	000
Durham	118	142	16	000	000	000
Duxbury	182	123	61	177	182	29
Freeport	183	145	67	147	104	29
Gorham	177	222	38	150	190	62
Gray	60	248	43	000	000	000
Hallowell	132	177	8	000	000	000
Harrison	33	100	59	000	000	000
Minot	94	121	38	000	000	000
Naples	29	111	48	000	000	000
New Gloucester	115	125	65	125	88	67
Orono	129	143	18	116	370	29
Oristide	73	70	62	000	000	000
Poland	61	285	43	000	000	000
Portland	1580	1775	183	598	733	360
Powand	34	95	19	75	54	101
Raymond	24	147	37	123	125	53
Scarboro'	98	234	29	218	77	34
Seaborg	23	95	20	000	000	000
Shelton	32	145	16	000	000	000
Westbrook	175	338	40	153	273	24
Windham	112	150	67	103	163	10
Yarmouth	179	76	46	162	89	6
	4471	6590	1378	0000	0000	0000

### YORK COUNTY.

	Crosby.	Pillsbury.	Morrill.	Holmes.
Acton	68	98	1	000
Alfred	67	120	10	000
Berwick	137	155	18	000
Bridgton	329	143	116	370
Buxton	168	275	77	201
Cornish	66	87	15	000
Elliot	55	249	28	41
Frederic	129	143	116	370
Kennebunk	103	157	107	102
Kittery	74	356	7	84
Lewiston	420	177	45	000
Limerick	126	138	14	000
Limington	123	227	38	200
Lynnhaven	135	84	11	000
Naperville	62	517	8	000
North Berwick	52	158	30	64
Parsonsfield	50	289	43	000
Saco	433	376	125	285
Seabrook	102	157	10	000
South Berwick	111	218	61	88
Waterbury	40	282	19	000
Yells	97	180	12	59
York	194	297	4	000
	3895	6270	738	0000

### HOUSEKEEPERS WANTED.

A writer in the Pacific says they are in pressing need of more housekeepers in California, and urges that the hosts of females who at the east are compelled to work for almost nothing, should come over there. His plan is for the Ladies' Relief Society to employ a responsible agent, secure passages, &c., and that the money be raised on bonds with sureties for subsequent repayment. He thinks friends will be sureties, and the girls can soon earn enough to pay them. A thousand times better to do this than suffocate in factories, starve over the needle, or what is worse, live a useless life even in luxury.

### The case of Freeman.

One of the darkest aspects of the Fugitive Slave Law, coupled with one of the meanest exhibitions of servility on the part of the officers, and of the basest exhibitions of depravity on the part of the claimant, is that developed in the case of Freeman. An intelligent, industrious citizen, in seeking thrown into prison and forced to exhibit to every-daying, a cruel and suspicious man thief from the south, could devise a—compelled to pay \$3 per day for the privilege of staying in a jail near his family; imprisoned from the 21st of June last, and for what? Because his skin was black and a villain had a suspicion that he might be his chattel. The Indiana State Sentinel says:

"The claimant, P. Ellington of Missouri, after an examination of the testimony adduced by Freeman's counsel, was convinced that he had claimed 'the wrong man,' and through his counsel, J. A. Liston, withdrew the claim. The testimony is clear as to Freeman's being an entirely different person from the slave 'Sam' claimed as having run away from Greenup County, Kentucky. It is also proved beyond a doubt that the latter is now in Canada.—Freeman was identified by witnesses of excellent character, now in Georgia and Alabama, as being a free colored man, who lived in Georgia until 1844. A civil suit will be instituted by Freeman against Pleasant Ellington for false imprisonment, and process issued accordingly. The damages claimed are \$10,000. The case will come up for trial at the next term of the Circuit Court, the fourth Monday in October.

Also THE UNITED STATES ILLUSTRATED Nos. 3, 4 & 5 are at hand.

We cannot refrain from saying, after a rapid glance at the illustrations in these Nos., anything we have ever seen. There are four illustrations in each No. of the United States. Universum has four plates in each No. and is affixed at 25 cts.

Geo. Lox, Bookseller, No. 61 Exchange St. is agent for both.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for September is filled, as usual, with information upon various topics of interest, and every man who business will pay a profit of \$5.00 a year, would make a good investment of that sum by taking this Journal.

Where is the Art Journal? It has not been received the last three months.

The first No. of Putnam's Monthly, for the current volume, was received, and also the first No. of the "Industry of All







